

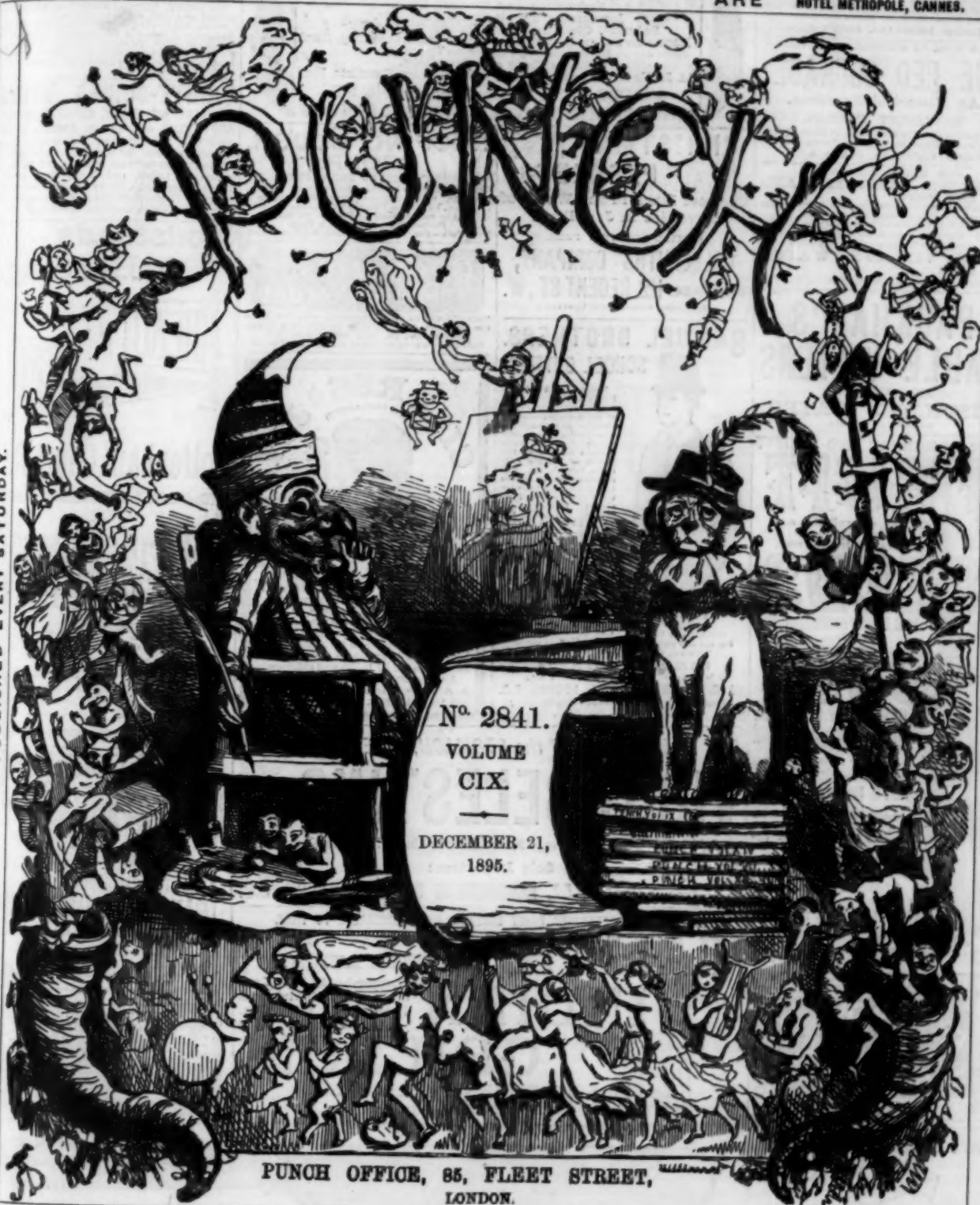
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## A (MISS) BROWN STUDY.

MISS BROWN, who is a kind of niece to *Charley's Aunt* (her parents are Pa BUCHANAN and MAR-Lowe), is going strong at Terry's Theatre. Apart from the amusing performance of the hero-heroine, Mr. FRED KERE, in the *Kerr-actor* of *Miss Brown* (this is a case in which as the part couldn't be cut down to suit the actor, the actor ought to have been cut down to suit the part), and of Mr. ARTHUR



PLAYFAIR as the somewhat burlesquely dashing cavalry officer Major O'Gallagher (without a song! more's the pity!), the piece would be well worth seeing if only for the capital make-up and the well-sustained DAVID-JAMES' like performance of Mr. HERBERT

STANDING as Sergeant Tanner, the detective; one of the best bits of comedy to be seen just now on the London stage. It is broad without being vulgar: and, except where the exigencies of farce are supposed to demand some extravagance, it is natural. Mr. L. POWER'S *Irish Sercant* is a capital sketch: always funny, never obtrusive.

Very good, too, is Miss EMILY CROSS as the proprietress of Cicero House Academy; and Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR as *Hilbertson*, the solicitor, gives us one of the best of his character sketches; indeed, if he adopts what may be termed the "Hill-and-Blakely line," and sticks to it, he should be in great demand. Why did the authors select the name of *Miss Schwartz* for the creole pupil at Cicero House Academy? Was it that no better appellation could be found for this dark young lady than the one invented by THACKERAY, namely "*Miss Schwartz*, the rich woolly-haired mulatto from St. Kitt's," who fell into "such a passion of tears" when *Amelia* left *Miss Pinkerton's* academy? The authors spell "*Schwartz*" "*Schwartz*," which, as will be clear to any unprejudiced mind, makes all the difference in the world, and releases them from any obligation to the author of *Vanity Fair*. *Miss Schwartz* is cleverly played by Miss ADELA MEASON, and her fury with a dagger hair-pin is something terrible to witness. Here's your health *Miss Brown*, a merry Christmas and prosperity generally.

## "AFTER THE DEPUTATION HAD RETIRED."

SCENE.—A Private Room opposite the Griffin.  
PRESENT.—L. C. and L. C. C.

L. C. Well, brother, I think they went away fairly satisfied.  
L. C. C. And so they should be. When I was in practice I did not complain. I found no "block" of business in the Law Courts.

L. C. Nor I either. But then, my dear brother, you must remember that we had a pretty extensive connection amongst the solicitors. We, so to speak, inherited it.

L. C. C. No, my dear Chancellor, it was talent—sheer force of talent with me. And (politely) with you, too!

L. C. You are very kind. Well, I like helping talent—especially when related to myself. Blood is thicker than water.

L. C. C. Yes, and so is "soup," as they used to say at the sessions. But I wonder no one took the hint of "Q.C." Did you happen to see his letter to the *Times*?

L. C. I seldom read the newspapers, but I fancy I did come across something of the sort. Didn't he want us to sit at 10 sharp, instead of at a not too punctual 10.30?

L. C. C. That's the man. And he objected to the intermittent Saturday sitting, and was altogether objectionable.

L. C. What can the profession be coming to when "silk" criticises "ermine"? But he was surely not amongst our recent deputation?

L. C. C. Oh dear no. He never intended to be. In fact, he stated distinctly that he had not the courage of his opinions, and did not expect any of his colleagues of the Inner or the Outer Bar to be any braver.

L. C. I think so, too; and now perhaps the time has arrived for an adjournment with a view to lunch?

L. C. C. I concur in your Lordships' ruling.

[L. C. and L. C. C. take off their wigs, cast away their robes, and prepare to receive chops at the point of their knives and forks.]

EPITAPH FOR A CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYER.—"Taking his Long Rest."

## SHAKSPEARE WITHOUT THE MUSICAL GLASSES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—No doubt you have seen that *The Comedy of Errors* has been performed at Gray's Inn under somewhat similar conditions to those that existed three centuries ago. In 1594 the members of the hon. society, having none of their body capable of undertaking the task of producing a "revell," called in the strolling players to their assistance, and gave, amidst some confusion, SHAKSPEARE'S comedy. Remembering as I do the great success of *The Maske of Flowers* in 1887, I cannot believe that the hon. society has lost the power of finding members of the Bar able to play *The Comedy of Errors* as well as any one else. I feel convinced that "the Master of the Revels" of that and this period would agree with me. Still, the piece as given last week was worthy of note on account of the absence of scenic accessories and scenic divisions. Were Sir HENRY to adopt the plan, I feel sure he would save many thousands of pounds behind the footlights—whether he would not lose as many more before the curtain is a matter that can only be discussed after the project has been practically tested. To give an opportunity of bringing the matter to an issue, I set down *Becket* as it might be played on the novel principle.

SCENE.—The Green Curtain.

Enter HENRY THE SECOND and BECKET, followed by ELEANOR.

Henry. BECKET, you shall be an Archbishop.

Becket. Thanks, my friend, but I prefer to be Chancellor. If you make me an Archbishop, we shall quarrel.

Henry. So be it, but I will have my way. From this moment you fill the See of Canterbury.

Eleanor. I triumph!

Becket. And now I am Archbishop, I must protect FAIR ROSAMOND, and defy my King.

Henry. You shall do neither.

Becket (bringing in FAIR ROSAMOND). You see how I obey you. On our joint account I defy you.

Eleanor (trying to stab the lady). Thus you die!

Becket. Never! (Wrests dagger out of QUEEN'S hands.) Baffled murderess!

Henry. Will no one rid me of this pestilent priest?

Three Barons (entering). We will!

Becket. What do you want from me?

Three Barons. Your life!



[They kill him. Curtain.]

Now, the above is not only concise, but fairly intelligible, and, if we are to believe the modern authorities, this was the kind of thing that the Bard of Avon provided for his admirers. Whether he would have done so in our times, had Sir HENRY IRVING accepted one of his pieces, is quite another question. As a good man of business, I fancy the greatest of our poets would have marched with the times and produced something better.

Yours faithfully, SHAKSPEARE TENNYSON SNOOKS.

Chaucer Chambers, Peckham.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of my Baronites reports that he has been reading Mr. WALTER FRITH'S novel *In Search of Quiet*, and can cordially recommend it to those in search of a fresh and pleasant story with a distinctly original literary flavour. It is a study of life and local society in a Berkshire village, told in the form of a journal, with a quaint and delicate humour, a curiously minute observation, and, as the story develops, a power and pathos which should render it attractive. Readers to whom Mr. FRITH is only known as the dramatist of *Her Advocate*, will be agreeably surprised to find how successfully he has resisted the temptation to "bring the odour of the footlights across the hay," to reverse Mr. PINERO'S celebrated phrase.

A youthful Baronite informs me that Mr. ANDREW LANG has written what he calls *My Own Fairy Book*, all new tales entirely out of his own head! Quite a Pacha of Many Tales! The author is much indebted to certain chronicles of Pantonglia for a true and authentic account of *Prigio's* adventures, and the annals of Scotland provided him with the historical details of the "*Ker of Fairlie*" and the "*Queen of Faery*." His tales are delightfully adorned by GORDON BROWN, T. SCOTT, and E. A. LEMANN, and published by ARROWSMITH.

Cards and Calendars, all over the shop! MARCUS WARD'S shop; but a Baronite thinks they've had a slight attack of Yellow-Book jaundice. As to crackers and coignacs, we sing "*Vive l'amour!*" Cigars and cognac! Hurrah for the *Cosaque*! but which is "*the Cosaque*" of the lot not even MESSRS. SPARAGNAPANE & Co. the Christmas "*Cosquin Brothers*," could tell us, and they ought to know,—at least, so whispers a little bird from a Christmas Tree to

THE MERRY BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



**A MODUS VIVENDI.**

"Above all we must try to bring about a thorough reconciliation and thorough unity in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary Party."  
*Justin McCarthy on Irish Prospects. "Daily News," Dec. 11.*





## DISINTERESTED KINDNESS.

Sportsman (just come to grief, to kindhearted Stranger who has captured Horse). "I SAY, I'M AWFULLY OBLIGED TO YOU! I CAN GET ON ALL RIGHT, SO PLEASE DON'T WAIT!"

Kindhearted Stranger. "OH, I'D RATHER, THANKS! I WANT YOU TO FLATTEN THE NEXT FENCE FOR ME!"

## ULYSSES AT TAPLOW.

(A Song of Thames-Sirens.)

["Mr. W. H. GREENFELL, of Taplow Court, calls attention in *The Field* to the unnecessary and increasing use of foghorns, sirens, and whistles by launches on the Upper Thames. It is suggested that regulations should be made by the Thames Conservators with a view to checking the nuisance."—*Daily News*.]

SINCE the nymphs are all fled from our Thames,  
Which the spirit of prose now environs,  
It seems the absurdest of shames  
That their place should be taken by—sirens!  
Such sirens, too! Voices not sweet,  
But husky, cacophonous, raucous;  
Compared with their row what a treat  
Were the songs of the "daughters of  
Phœbus!"

To stop up his ear-holes with wax  
Was the dodge of the downy Ulysses,  
But *that* would not ward the attacks  
Of these modern melodious misses.  
Leucosia? Parthenope? Pooh!  
Tisiphone's tone, not Ligea's!  
Kick 'em out, Mr. GREENFELL, Sir, *do*!  
'Tis one of your noblest ideas.  
Controlled by some launch-owning brute,  
Whom nothing more decency teaches,  
They horribly hoot and root-toot  
All about the delicious Thames reaches;  
They shriek, and they groan, and they roar,  
Up and down till they make your hair bristle.  
The launch in *all* ways is a bore,  
But heaven save us all from its whistle!

Ah! GREENFELL, you'll gratitude gain  
From all who reside by Our River,  
Or love it, if you can restrain  
The launch, and its victims deliver.  
Do make Thames Conservators hear  
Your voice through the siren-born shindy.  
Their fog-horns and whistles sound drear  
As witched night when the weather is  
windy.  
We might be in the Brocken with *Faust*,  
Instead of our well-loved Thames Valley.  
Success to you, Sir, in your joust  
With red-tape and prolonged shilly-shally!  
Against the launch-demon show sport,  
Come down on these sirens a thumper,  
And, GREENFELL of fair Taplow Court,  
We'll drink your good health in a bumper!

MAGNIFICENT—AND WAR  
(IF NECESSARY).

THE Channel Fleet has, within the past few days, been strengthened by the addition of the *Magnificent* and the *Majestic*, two of the nine big battle-ships planned and provided for whilst Lord SPENCER was still at the Admiralty. "The modern Muses," Lord SPENCER calls them. Sir UGTHRED KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH was also there, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON says it was after him—or rather in view of his personality—that the ships were thus superbly named. On the *Magnificent*, cheerful "CHARLIE" BEESFORD, in his official capacity at Chatham Dockyard, has bestowed the thought and

labour of two years. What can be done by the unremitted activity of an enthusiastic man of business is shown in the absolute perfection of the condition of the *Magnificent* when, the other day, Vice-Admiral Lord WALTER KERR hoisted his flag, and the crew, eight hundred officers and men all told, gaily tripped aboard. A place for everything, and everything in its place. Decks so spotless that the Admiral might, if he felt disposed, have eaten his dinner off the bare boards. Upon the smallest detail, as on the largest gun—from JOHN PENN's giant-powered engines to the neat coil of spare rope—infinite solicitude had been bestowed. An imposing design loyally worked out. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*, said the French general, watching the charge at Balaclava. Our *Magnificent* is war if need be. But the rapidity and certainty with which so terrible an engine has been turned out of the dockyard may, fully considered, be regarded as working for peace. The ship's motto will therefore be, *C'est Magnifique, et c'est la paix*.

HISTORICAL QUERY.—Was the seal recently found in the Thames the one King JAMES THE SECOND dropped into it in 1688?

APPROPRIATE FOR CHRISTMAS.—"The Waits"—represented by "the Powers" in the East.



Old Lady. "No, THANKS. I DON'T WANT ANY FOR THE GARDEN TO-DAY."  
 Boy. "WELL, THEN, CAN WE SING YEE SOME CHRISTMAS CAROLS INSTEAD!"

#### TO CONSTANCE.

(From an Idler to his Lady Help.)

YOUR charming hand—how many times at night,  
 A thousand thousand happy miles from land,  
 I bluffed you hard at poker, all to fight  
 Your charming hand.

Yes, we were then a merry, reckless band,  
 Of all and everybody making light.  
 We sailed our summer seas, by light airs fanned,  
 The world around seemed very fair and bright.  
 Our trip is done. But won't you understand  
 How much it cheers me when I see you write

Your charming hand?

#### THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

##### THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

A REVIVAL was given on Thursday and Monday last of the *Adelphi*, one of the late Signor P. TERENCE AHER's problem-plays. It will be remembered by every student of the drama that the premiere of this clever adaptation from the Greek of M. MENANDER was held at the celebration of the funeral of Field-marshal EMILIUS PAULLUS, in 160 B.C. We gather from contemporary records that, on this first night, or rather *matinée*, the temporary wooden theatre was crowded to excess, all the leading members of Italian society being present. The audience, as was appropriate to so solemn an occasion, was largely composed of "dead-heads," but a financial failure was averted by the generous

pecuniary support accorded, in pursuance of the custom, by the well-known Consuls, Generals FABIVS MAXIMUS and CORNELIVS AFRICANUS. A powerful orchestra, consisting of several double Tyrian flutes, was conducted by the most distinguished *maestro* of the day, Signor FLACCUS, who plied the *bâton* with marked effect on the backs of his *pifferari*. We cannot quote the cast, as the bill of the play has unfortunately been lost, but the performers were probably only disreputable Tuscan barn-stormers, whose names were scarcely worth preserving. The problem dealt with by the dramatist in his amusing comedy, was the question of educating the heavy Roman father to appreciate the fact that boys will be boys.

#### THE REAL SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL AGAIN.

(A Peep into the Possible Future.)

SCENE—A Large Apartment. PRESENT—Intelligent Individual. To him enter a Ratepayer.

Ratepayer. Can I see any of the children?  
 Intelligent Individual. I am afraid not. Since the abolition of medical certificates—save those issued by the specially authorised doctors—we have had a great deal of sickness.

Ratepayer. Dear me! Then are all the children in their own homes?

Intel. Indiv. A great many of them. You see, in serious cases—such as small-pox, diphtheria, and the like—we have no means of dealing with them here.

Ratepayer. But surely their return to their homes would spread infection?

Intel. Indiv. So it has occurred to me, but unfortunately I have no discretion in the matter. However, I do my best.

Ratepayer. And what may be that best?

Intel. Indiv. If we have light cases, I put them to bed for a few hours, and send them home at the time for closing. It is all I can manage for them, poor little creatures.

Ratepayer. Then those tiny sufferers under the maps and in front of the blackboard are some of your light cases?

Intel. Indiv. Yes. We have a few down with influenza, one or two victims to whooping-cough, and three or four sickening (so far as I can judge) for measles.

Ratepayer. Then surely I have mistaken the place. I presume I have entered a hospital and you are the house-surgeon.

Intel. Indiv. (smiling). Not at all. This is a board school and I am the master.

[Scene closes in upon the sounds of sick children in dire distress.]

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.—(1) The sound of the name has misled you. It is spelt "Incas," not "Inkers." And the "Incas of Peru," to whom your inquiry applies, were not journalists. (2) Here, again, sound has occasioned your error. For "Peru's newspapers," you should have understood "Peruse newspapers," implying a command, and involving no allusion to the Press of Peru. N.B.—See that your letters are stamped before posted.

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY.—The reign of the Second CHARLES will be ever memorable in the annals of English architecture as the period of the "Wren-naissance."

EXCELSIOR.—Since the French Premier has shaken off his Socialist allies he has been dubbed *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

# ROUNABOUT READINGS.

ON DIARIES.

In a recent number of the *Spectator* I saw with some amusement a notice of the celebrated Diaries of Messrs. LETTS and Messrs. DE LA RUE under the heading of "Current Literature." Now a diary, when the entries have been made in it, may conceivably be literature; but I must confess that it would not have occurred to me so to describe the blank book which is to receive the daily thoughts of its purchaser. I should as soon expect to find a description of frames under "Pictures of the Day." Who knows henceforth what curious items of intelligence we may not find under "True Stories of Dogs"?

It must be understood, of course, that in saying this I have not the remotest intention to disparage the productions of Messrs. LETTS.



I know perfectly well, on the contrary, that they supply admirably a public want, and no action can possibly be more praiseworthy and honourable than that. All I wish to do is to register a humble protest against the conduct of the *Spectator* in thus wronging literature in order to avoid the trouble of an extra heading. If any one else had done it, one might not have objected so strongly; but, coming from the *Spectator*, the shock was painful. To me, indeed, there had always been something episcopal about that excellent journal. If I personified it, my mind conceived a being in lawn sleeves and invested with a pastoral staff, a sort of Gothic being steeped in the solemn atmosphere of cathedrals, cloisters and palaces. But if it continues thus

to juggle with the sacred word literature I shall have to degrade it mentally to the level of an ordinary lay-preacher.

To return, however, to the subject of diaries. I can speak with some impartiality on it, for, in spite of the most heroic efforts, I have never succeeded in keeping one for much more than a week at a time, and that was many years ago, in the remote days of my boyhood. Why the keeping of diaries and accounts by their rude, unlettered offspring should give pleasure to parents, I know not; but there are few sons, I am certain, who have not at some time been urged by a father or a mother to make a daily record of their actions, or to tabulate the expenditure of their scanty doles of pocket-money. With girls there is no need for pressure. They rarely keep accounts, it is true; but they all take to diaries as naturally as ducks to the water.

In the matter of accounts, I was firm, and wisely so. How could it have profited me to write, or my parents to read, the monotonous record of my expenses? On two shillings a week (which was, I think, my weekly allowance at that time) you can buy quite a respectable number of jam-tarts, and occasionally you may make a little excursion into the region of ices, or plum cake, or chocolate creams. But I felt, and still feel, that it would have shown a strange lack of judgment on my part if I had set these invariable items down every week, even though they might have been tempered now and then by the purchase of, let us say, a pocket knife, a pot of gum, a bullet mould, or a catapult. Consequently, I never kept accounts, and I fear I never shall.

BUT on the question of diaries I yielded. I came upon the ancient record of my deeds only the other day. Here is the most exciting entry:—"Got up early to fight FREDDIE with bolsters. It was grand. We spoilt both bolsters, and broke the water-jug. It dripped through into Pa's dressing-room. Breakfast. Eggs again. We have too many eggs, and not enough butter. Went out. Fought FREDDIE in stable-yard, and beat him. He howled—I laughed. Had to do beastly holiday task. Read *Copperfield*. In afternoon played stingo, and got F. one on the leg with the five-ball. Took Rover out. No more to-day." For ten days I persevered. Then, apparently, the effort became too much, for the rest of my "current literature" remains a blank.

YET again I made the attempt, but it was not on my own behalf. I had a friend who kept his diary with a religious care, and once, once only, I wrote for him an entry, as I conceived it might be—not, of course, in the sacred book itself. This was my version:—"Travelled up from Northumberland. A dreadful jolting of the train prevented sleep, and filled my mind with painful thoughts. I found on my arrival at home that there were no letters for me.

Why is this? Surely, surely she ought to have written. But, tush, a manly spirit can best cure such ills. Sauntered into Piccadilly. The street was full of unknown faces: strangers were in all the well-known haunts. Oh, how terrible it is to be alone in this great city. No matter, I must be brave. It would be worse than foolish to give way. In the evening I shook the dust of London from my feet and departed for Oxford."

I WAS afterwards permitted to read the actual entry. This is how it ran: "Left Newcastle night mail. Dull day in London; lunch at Phlegethon, dinner at Berkeley Restaurant. No one I knew: good job. To Oxford by last train." Nothing more prosaic can be imagined: it just stated the facts sufficiently for reference, and omitted all the sentimentalisms with which my imagination had adorned the entry.

AND, after all, this is the secret of keeping a diary, if one who has never properly kept one may be permitted to give an opinion. Why do you keep it? Not, surely, to register the casual sentiments with which, possibly under the influence of a bottle of generous wine, you embroider your daily life, but in order to state facts as they occurred so concisely and clearly that, looking back in after years, you may reconstruct the scene and live your life over again. It was for this reason and for no other, as Robert Louis Stevenson has pointed out, that the immortal Pepys wrote his diary. He did not foresee publication. His cypher, he believed, guarded him from that. All that he cared for was that many years afterwards he should be able to turn up his beloved diary, and remember by its aid exactly what he did, in whose company, at such and such an hour of such and such a day in his life. He loved himself and all his little life, and wrote its records for himself alone. And thus it comes that we, average men and women of the latter end of the nineteenth century, delight in the true picture of the life of an average man, in the account of his weaknesses, his vanity, his achievements, his disappointments, his jealousies, though the days of his activity were spent more than two hundred years ago.

BUT, to me, priceless above all others, is one little book that I possess, in which a friend had set down briefly the daily events of his life and his engagements in advance. My memory goes back with him to this dinner or that concert, and again we stay together at this or the other country house. They are the barest entries, just a record and nothing more, but my memory fills in the gaps and re-creates the pleasant scenes. For October 26, the entry made in advance is "JACK at Brindisi." But before JACK reached Brindisi the hand that wrote about him was stiff and cold, and the voice that would have welcomed him on his return was silent for ever.

In the mind of every man who has won his way to middle age there is a quiet, sequestered nook peopled with the spirits of departed friends, a verdant, peaceful recess, far removed from the stress and turmoil of daily life. Thence in calm and peaceful moments he can summon forth their shining faces, and be with them as once he used to be. Time can add no line to their brows, they are always beautiful, smiling, and affectionate, young and strong as they were before the shadows closed round them, and they were lapped in alien clay and laid below.

## THE REAL EASTERN QUESTION.

Grand Chorus of all the Powers. (Sung sotto voce.)



WE don't want to fight. In all lingoes, if we do, We've massed the ships, we've massed the men, we've massed the money too. We've often fought before, we're consistently untrue. The question is, "Who'll have Constantinople?"

THE CORNEY GRAIN MEMORIAL.—Well and wisely done, says Mr. Punch to the Committee of the Corney Grain Memorial Fund. They have decided to devote £2000 to the establishment of a cot in the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. The rest of the money is to be invested, and the annual interest will form a nucleus for a Corney Grain Children's Christmas Toy Fund in connection with the hospital. Thus, not only will the memory of the genial and large-hearted entertainer be perpetuated, but little sufferers will connect it year by year, as he himself would have wished, with smiles and merriment and joy.





## WHY, INDEED!

"MAMMA, DIDN'T THE VICAR SAY THAT THE NATIVES OF GONGALOOLOO WORE NO CLOTHES?" "YES, DARLING." "THEN WHY DID PAPA PUT A BUTTON IN THE BAG?"

## CHRISTMAS IN SOMERSET.

(An Invitation to the Farm.)

Good mornin', Mas'r JOHN! Well there,  
I seed ee comin' long down road,  
But whe'r 'twere you or no—Dear, dear!  
'Tee strange like, you be that a-growed!  
Res, nicely thank ee—Missus too,  
An' pleased to see ee, I'll be boun',  
Were tarkin', were, las' night o' you,  
An' hopin' as you mid step down.  
'Tee cold, so 'tee—a proper nip,  
Do sim like snow, mid be a starm;  
But, vrost or no, us do allus kip  
A merry Kurstmas down to Varm.

An', if you do be a-minded so,  
Now do ee step down t' our Kurstmas veest,  
I do reckon under mizzletoe  
You'll see ari neighbours, virst and leest.  
Squire zelf be comin', zed her 'ood,  
An' Pa'son allus come, no year,

T' sider-wine be tarr'ble good,  
Ay, tarr'ble good, zo be, to year.  
So please to try our sider-wine,  
'T' oant do ee not the leatest harm,  
I'll warr'nt, zo wull, sure 'nough you'll vin'  
A merry Kurstmas down to Varm.

An' singin', too, you mid depen',  
'Tee JOE 've a-got the singin' veice,  
You've a-yeard his "Never lose a fren",  
Do zim to fair a-shake the pleice.  
An' GANGE'll rubby out a toon  
Wi' 's old girt viddle 'gin his knee,  
An' zet t' young volk a-dancin' soon,  
So party like 's you ever zee.  
An' Missus, her do bid me zay  
As us'll gie ee welcome warm—  
An' zo us wull, so sure 's the day—  
An' a merry Kurstmas down to Varm!

MOTTO FOR BICYCLIST BEGINNERS.—"Non  
vi, sed saepe cadendo!"

## OPEN CONFESSION;

Or, *The Rhymester's Revenge.*

"RHYME me no rhymes!" the cynic says,  
In accents stern and terse;  
But I admit my early days  
Were given up to verse.

Some say 'tis hard to be a bard,  
I did not find it so.  
Parnassus in one's own back-yard  
Comes easy, don'toherknow.

I'd stretch myself on couch or bed,  
And like a blue-fly hum;  
And gently rub my chin, or head,  
And then the rhymes would come.

I cared not, in my lyric pride,  
What subject fired my rhymes.  
I think I could have versified  
A copy of the *Times*.

Like one of those Impressionists  
I thought all work was crude  
That was not whelmed in muddy mists,  
Or could be understood.

And so I rhymed and rhymed away,  
As seemed to be my fate;  
And felt that I should be, some day,  
A Poet Laureate!

Because, whatever theme might flit  
Before me, hot-and-hot,  
I found I could spin rhymes on it  
Much easier than not.

But somehow critics had a way,—  
And it was very hard!—  
Of calling me—why I can't say—  
A—hang it!—"minor bard."

They'd lump together five or six  
Tootlers of tweedledee;  
And in that minor-minatrel-mix  
They always mentioned Me!

Some of these minor bards were gay,  
And some exceeding solemn;  
But I was dragged in, any way,  
Just to fill up the column.

Now minor critic ways, at times,  
Will rile the mildest folks;  
And so I gave up making rhymes,  
And took to making jokes.

It was not quite so easy, no!  
A poet, bard, or scald,  
May have a lot of hair, but O,  
Your jester's always bald!

'Twas not enough to rub my head,  
I had to tear and scratch it.  
Only six hairs, and they are red,  
To-day remain to thatch it.

And now those critics say, at times  
I rise to a poor pun;  
But that, as minor were my rhymes,  
So minus is my fun!

*De minimis non curat lex!*  
No, nor the critics either!  
But now, their cynic souls to vex,  
I rhyme and joke together!

And now they swear—their cheek sublime  
A saint might well provoke!—  
That while my jokings may be rhyme,  
My rhymings are no joke!

A CASE OF FIZZ.—The champagne which,  
till tasted, most effectually conceals its dry  
quality is, of course, *Heid-sieck*, and that  
which keeps its manufacturing secret best is  
undoubtedly *Mumm*.





### ARMENIA'S APPEAL.

ARMENIA (*bitterly*). "GUARDSHIPS! BUT—WILL NONE OF YOU DRAW THE SWORD TO SAVE ME?"  
"Armenia is at her last gasp. The work of extermination continues. . . . In the name of humanity and Christianity, save us!"—*Fide telegram to "Westminster Gazette," December 12.*



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## SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE CRUEL COMPLAINT OF A  
CRICKETER.THE game you couldn't under-  
standAt Lords—asked my advice—  
E'en as I took your soft round  
handYour eyes sent such a "tice,"  
Your laughing lips with many  
a pout,Next challenged me to win;  
Yet yesterday I found you out  
No longer taken in.[wit,  
You scored off me in point of  
You caused my slips of style;  
If I essayed to make a hitYou bowled me with a smile.  
My poor defence 'gainst your  
attackWas not an equal match,  
For when I dared to play you  
backYou knew you had a catch.  
Last night you cut me at a  
dance,"Lost ball!" I madly cried;  
To others though you gave a  
chance,I never left your side. [doff,  
Your colours then I did not  
Nor sought my card to fillTill supper, when you stay'd  
long off,While I might long on still.  
My wrath you raised to such a  
pitchThrough all that long, long  
hop, [which  
That love is now a demonMust find a long, long stop.  
I'll lend my innings while I may  
The willow wear in peace,So let another test your play  
From off his popping crease!

First Lady. "LOSH, BUT THE DOCTOR WAS GRAN' THE DAY!"

Second Lady. "H'M! D'YE THINK HE IS AS CLEVER AS HE USED TAE  
BE!"First Lady (astonished). "CLEVER!—HE'S FAUR CLEVERER, BUT WE DINNA  
UN'ERSTAN' HIM NOO!"

## "BE IT COSINESS."

(By Max Merchoom.)

WITH gibe and jest, I wrote  
my best,  
On leaving Alma Mater,  
In language quaint defended  
paint,  
And now disparage Pater.King GEORGE I chaffed, and  
lightly laughed  
At 1830 crazes,  
In dainty prose I wrote of  
hose,  
And sang a dandy's praises.Now London gay I leave for  
aye,  
A villa I've been buying,  
A life-long lease—to live in  
peace  
The life for which I'm sighing.Not prince nor CHAR, nor SHAH-  
ZADA  
(Though gaudy be his turban),  
Nor Royal boy can know the  
joy  
Of cosiness suburban!All day the news I'll read, and  
muse  
Of all that was and will be;  
If bored I feel, to town I'll  
steal,  
Once more to witness Trilby.

## STARTLING INTELLIGENCE!!

—Mr. LECKY, reported as  
elected for Dublin University  
(December 6), is NOT IN  
the ninety-seventh edition of  
Kelly's Post Office London  
Directory for 1896.  
"P. O. L. D." out! and  
LECKY not in!

## STUDIES IN MODERN JOURNALISM.

No. I.—IN THE TALKING-ROOM.

"WHAT," inquired the Eminent Person, "shall we talk about this  
week?""Oh, the usual subjects," said the Ordinary Man. "Let's begin  
with the police-courts. We mostly get a paragraph or two out of  
them. There's always JANE CAKEBREAD, you know, if other subjects  
fail. We haven't discussed her more than twenty times already.""I object," said the Poet, firmly. "It's all very well for you.  
The Journalist studies this kind of thing professionally, the Eminent  
Person always shows a keen interest in pickpockets, and the Mere  
Boy can make bad puns on any subject; but where do I come in?  
Let us choose a topic which will allow me to introduce a few verses—  
not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.""Certainly not," said the Journalist; "the editorial waste-paper  
baskets are full enough already. No, we'll give our attention to  
politics. Take the Turkish question, for instance. To begin with a  
strikingly original remark, let me say that the SULTAN's position is  
one of some difficulty. To judge by the telegrams—""Would be absurd," put in the Ordinary Man. "They are  
written by Journalists, and all Journalists are liars. You, I believe,  
are a Journalist.""For myself," observed the Eminent Person, thoughtfully, "I  
think we might choose a less hackneyed subject. Perhaps—""Hush, please," interrupted the Mere Boy. "It's quite time I  
made a joke. I always do at the end of a paragraph. Are you  
ready? Turkey is always seasonable about Christmas. Thank you.  
Next paragraph, please."

"Is the door locked?" asked the Ordinary Man.

"No," said the Poet, with some surprise, "why?"

The Ordinary Man rose from his chair, walked across the room,  
looked the door, stuffed a piece of paper into the keyhole, and returned.  
"Because I want a little quite private conversation with the rest of  
you. One of you is a nuisance, and the other three are frauds!"

"Jehoshaphat!" said the Mere Boy.

"You," said the Ordinary Man, looking at him severely, "are the  
mere nuisance. You make idiotic remarks and atrocious puns. You  
were amusing once, but we've had enough of you long ago, and the  
sooner you clear out of the talking-room the better. You other three  
are frauds—bad frauds. You all talk exactly alike. Mr. Eminent  
Person, I should be glad to know in what your eminence consists.  
Your verses, my Poet, are simply beneath contempt. And you,  
Mr. Journalist, reel off platitudes exactly like the Poet or the  
Eminent Person, except when you happen to be understudying the  
Mere Boy. I am sick of the lot of you!""Indeed," cried the Eminent Person, with infinite sarcasm; "and  
how about your own twaddle, please?"The Ordinary man waved a deprecating hand. "Oh, that is  
another matter. I only profess to be the Ordinary Man, and I talk  
like one. Whether it is worth while to print every week the most  
ordinary remarks of a very ordinary man is, of course, a matter of  
opinion. But as for you, you contemptible dummies—"A heavy volume of verse flung by the Poet caught him in the eye.  
It was the signal for a general scrimmage. Half-an-hour later five  
men, badly wounded and beaten black and white, might have been  
seen descending the staircase in silence. They were not on speaking-  
terms for seven days. Only the Mere Boy, from the force of habit,  
attempted a final remark to round off the column for that week.

"A Painful Scene," muttered the Mere Boy.

THE END OF THE NEW WOMAN.—The crash has come at last.  
While we have all been talking, and denouncing, and writing,  
Society, it seems, has been taking quiet, but decided action. The  
statute rendering it a penal offence to be a New Woman was passed  
through all its stages so secretly that no newspaper appears to have  
had the least inkling of it. However, it is in force, and has been  
soted upon, for in the Oxford Times, of December 7, we read that  
"the Rev. C. KNIGHT NEWTON, chaplain at Oxford Castle, has been  
promoted and transferred to the new woman's Convict Prison at  
Aylesbury."



## UNSIGNED MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

*Keats-Jones.* "I SAY, JUST LOOK WHAT SOME ANONYMOUS ASS IN *THE KNACKER* SAYS ABOUT THOSE SONNETS OF MINE, WHICH YOU TOLD ME YOU CONSIDERED AS GOOD AS WORDSWORTH'S!"

*Shelley-Brown.* "MY DEAR FELLOW, WE'RE IN THE SAME BOAT! YOU KNOW THAT LAST BOOK OF MINE THAT YOU SAID YOU LIKED SO MUCH! WELL, JUST SEE WHAT'S SAID OF IT IN *THE GADFLY*! I WONDER WHO THE FOOL IS!"

[*Keats-Jones* is the Author of the "*Gadfly*" review of *Brown's* book, and *Shelley-Brown* writes all the literary notices in the "*Knacker*."

## BROWNING AT BROWNING HALL;

*Or, Love amongst the (Human) Ruins.*

MR. ASQUITH took part, on November 21, in the public inauguration of the Robert Browning Social Settlement, York Street, Walworth Road, a district with more than 115,000 inhabitants, mostly poor, to the square mile. The hall where the meeting was held, known of old as Look's Fields Meeting House (built in 1790), was once a Congregational chapel in what was long a well-to-do neighbourhood, and was attended by ROBERT BROWNING's family, the poet himself having been baptised there. Mr. ASQUITH well described the business as "an attempt to grapple with some of the most pressing, and at the same time intractable of the social problems of metropolitan life, by planting in the very heart of districts whose necessities were greatest colonies or settlements of educated men and women."

*Shade of the Author of "Sordello" sings:—*

Can the poet, memory-warmed, do aught but smile  
On that mile  
Of poverty's scanty pastures, where toil's sheep  
Herd and creep,  
That square mile of clustering tenement, cooster-crop,  
And small shop?

'Twas the home once of the well-to-do and gay,

(So they say.)

But the sordid misery settled on it since

Makes me wince.

Choky court, o'er crowded labyrinth spreading far,  
Toil and jar!

Now the square mile hardly boast a spindly tree,  
As you see.  
Slime and slop replace old verdure; offal fills  
Gutter-rills,  
Muck you scarce can give a name to shames the sun,  
As they run.

Where the Congregational Chapel which I knew,  
Well-to-do,  
Stood, they now have got a building which they call  
Browning Hall!  
Whence at eve you hear the husky cooster squalls  
From their stalls.

Where a multitude of cits breathed joy and woe,  
Long ago,  
Love of fellows pricks the hearts up of a few,  
Brave and true,  
To make a "Social Settlement," called, I see,  
After me!

Well! It does me truer honour, I protest  
Than the quest  
Of my minor mystic meanings, cryptic, crude,  
By the brood  
Of "disciples," who at meetings Browning-Clubbish  
Talk such rubbish!

HERBERT STRAD, the worthy warden, plies the task, with  
Aid from ASQUITH;  
It was tireless Canon BARNATT put in motion  
This good notion,  
Though some chaffed him, as the votaries of Pooh-Pooh  
Always do.

For "respectables" to settle in such slums,  
Where toil hums,  
And to dwell amidst much dirt and noise and vice,  
Is not "nice";  
And Walworth is no Eden (with such smells),  
For bland swells!

But here Culture, in the spirit of true neighbour,  
Lives with Labour;  
And with wisdom, love, and unsectarian piety,  
Lends variety  
To that gloom which for poor workers and their wives  
Spoils their lives.

There are lectures, classes, clubs, "larks" not a few,  
Outings too!  
In- and out-door recreation they all share,  
For their care  
Is to "ohm-in" with poor folk in grief or joy,—  
Girl and boy!

Well, a Walworth chap may not quite grasp *Sordello*,  
Poor, good, fellow!  
But the author of *Sordello* hath the whim  
To grasp him;  
And for Hall and Settlement to bear his name,  
He holds fame!

With this Robert Browning Social Settlement  
I'm content.  
Over poverty, pain, folly, noise and sin,  
May they win.  
As I sang, despite wit, wealth, fame, and the rest,  
"Love is best!"

\* Last line of BROWNING'S "*Love among the Ruins*."

GOOD OLD TIMES REVIVED, AND A SUGGESTION.—Years ago, The Finding of the Body of HAROLD used to be considered the subject par excellence to be tackled by all aspirants for Royal Academic honours. Now it is "*The Finding of Moses*" which has procured a gold medal and travelling studentship of £200 for HARRY ROBERT MILCHAM. The fact of this picture having won the first prize at the hands of Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A.,—whom Mr. Punch welcomes back again, as perfectly restored as a Vandyck at an exhibition of Old Masters,—should suggest to the successful young artist a companion subject in "*The Finding of the Jury*."

STARTLING!—The Marquis of LORNE has been taken up by A Constable,—that is, his Lordship, as an Author, has been taken up by Messrs. A. CONSTABLE & Co., who have published the Marquis's book *From Shadow to Sunlight*.



## George Augustus Sala.

BORN, NOV. 24, 1828. DIED, DEC. 8, 1895.  
 Most graphic picturer of the Passing Show  
 We wayfarers call Life, he passes too,  
 Midst sorrow's requiem reverent and low;  
 He who knew all, and whom the whole  
 world knew.

The curtain falls upon the pageant strange  
 He loved, and limned in its most striking  
 phases,

"The world's great race-show," whose motley  
 range,

Its wars, its fêtes, its courts, its crowds,  
 its crazes,

His keen eye followed, his quick pencil caught,  
 In all its surface tints and shifting humours,  
 That wondrous pageant with quaint follies  
 fraught,

And echoing to strange voices and wild  
 rumours.

Incartrate echo he, of year, week, day,  
 Or Dionysius-ear through which there  
 sounded

An Age's gossip genial, graphic, gay;  
 And though that Age with *ana* has  
 abounded,

His will be missed; and that distinctive voice,  
 Trenchant, inimitable, quaint, strong-  
 hearted,

At which, in youth, we elders did rejoice,  
 And from whose spell we never wholly  
 parted,

Many will long remember and regret.  
*Twice Round the Clock* in London years  
 ago,

He, and McCONNEL, took us. Even yet  
 We feel the graphic warmth, the humorous  
 glow,

Of many a well-told story, vivid sketch,  
 And rambling gossip in that young-old  
 time,

When it required, in sooth, less force to fetch  
 Praise to our lips for passing prose or  
 rhyme.

When *Household Words*, with plain, un-  
 pictured pages.

Moved by "the Master" and his "merry  
 men,"  
 Came to us as the voice of wits and sages.

Well, quidnuncs tell us 'tis not now as then,  
 Nor is it, verily, since we now are plumbing  
 A more profound and pessimistic day,

Sadder, and far more shrieky, more be-  
 numbing  
 To instinct genial, and to impulse gay.

But memory will not, cannot doff it wholly,  
 The poor old motley now so out of  
 fashion;

Nor yield to the new modish melancholy,  
 Muddy profundity and monstrous passion.  
 To deal with DICKENS as a fallen Dagon,

And with his "boys" as a mimetic rush,  
 Old mirth as born of folly and the flagon,  
 And old humanities as bleat and gush,  
 May please our younger "lions" when they  
 bray.

But the "young lions" of GEORGE SALA's  
 prime

Roared, in the *Daily Telegraph*, their day,  
 Whereat let whose will tilt nose sublime.  
*Punch* parts with an old friend in kindly  
 sorrow,

Looses an old contributor with grief,  
 And trusts his kindred solace sure may  
 borrow

From knowledge that his fame is green of  
 Although the days seem dry-as-dust and  
 dreary.

For there be many in the haunts of men  
 Who'll miss the gossip gay, the wisdom  
 cheery,

That fell for forty years from SALA's pen.

ANAGRAM.—"Sala" . . . "Alas!"



### HER FIRST PLAY.

Mamma (who has taken Miss Effie, as a great treat, to a morning performance). "HUSH, DEAR! YOU MUSTN'T TALK!"

Miss Effie (with clear sense of injustice, and pointing to the stage). "BUT, MUMMY,—THEY'RE TALKING!"

### TO A WESTERLY GALE IN LONDON.

HAIL, western wind which blows away  
 The fog, of all things most depressing;  
 You are, on any winter day,  
 A blessing!

And if instead of rain you bring  
 Some sunshine to this sombre city,  
 In praise of you we well may sing  
 A ditty.

You dry the streets, O welcome breeze!  
 No fog, no mud, no pavements slimy,  
 And London thus at times one sees  
 Less grimy.

We almost think of country, you  
 Blow through the streets, dark, stuffy,  
 narrow,

With fresher air that comes from Kew,  
 Or Harrow.

Forgive me if, when praising such  
 A benefactor, I should mildly  
 Suggest that you might do as much  
 Less wildly.

In London, though a cyclone blows,  
 Sou'westers aren't considered proper;  
 One must be neat—By Jove, there goes  
 My topper!

COMPARISON.—"Ah!" quoth our own  
 School-boy, "I dare say Christmas in the  
 olden time was very jolly. I'm no laudator  
*temporis acti*. Bother the Christmas Past.  
 What I like is the Christmas Present,—and  
 lots of 'em."

## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BADOE HURRY BUNGHO JARRESEK, B.A.)

## No. I.

WHEN I first received intimation from the supernal and spanking hand of Hon'ble Mr. Punch, that he smiled with fatherly benignity at my humble request that he should offer myself as a regular poorly-paid contributor, I blessed my stars and was as if to jump over the moon for jubilation and sprightfulness.

But, heigh-ho! *surgit amari aliquid*, and his condescending patronage was dolefully alloyed with the inevitable dash of bitters which, as Poet SHAKESPEARE remarks, withers the galled jade until it winces. For with an iron heel has Hon'ble Mr. P. declined sundry essays of enormous length and importance, composed in Addisonian, Johnsonian, and Gibbonian phraseology on assorted topics, such as "Love," "Civilization," "Matrimony," "Superstition," "Is Courage a Virtue, or Vice," "Veritas," and has recommended me instead to devote my pen to quite ephemeral and fugacious topics, and merely commit to paper such reflections, critical opinions, and experiences as may turn up in the potluck of my daily career.

What wonder that on reading such a *sine qua non* and ultimatum my *cor faucibus hæsiti* and stuck in my gizzard with bashful sheepishness, for how to convulse the Thames and set it on fire and all agog with amazement at the humdrum incidents of so very ordinary an existence as mine, which is spent in the diligent study of Roman, Common, International, and Canonical Law from morn to dewy eve in the lecture-hall or the library of my inn, and, as soon as the shades of night are falling fast, in returning to my domicilium at Ladbroke Grove with the undeviating punctuality of a tick?

However, being above all things desirous not to let slip the golden opportunity and pocket the sinews of war, I decided to let my diffidence go to the wall and boldly record every jot and tittle, however humdrum, with the critical reflections and censorious observations arising therefrom, remembering that, though the fabulous and mountain-engendered mouse was no doubt at the time considered but a flaccid and flash in the pan by its maternal progenitor, nevertheless that same identical mouse rendered yeomanry services at a subsequent period to the lion involved in the compromising intricacies of a landing-net!

Benevolent reader, *de te fabula narratur*. Perchance the mousey bantlings of my insignificant brain may nibble away the cords of prejudice and exclusiveness now encircling many highly respectable British lions. Be not angry with me therefore, if in the character of a cursed but good-natured friend, I venture on occasions to "hint dislike and hesitate disgust."

The majestic and magnificent matron, under whose aegis I reside for 20 per week, is of lofty lineage, though fallen from that high estate into the peck of troubles, and compelled (owing to highly social disposition) to receive a number of small and select boarders.

Like *Jephthah*, in the play of *Hamlet*, she has one fair daughter and no more, a bewitching and well-proportioned damsel, as fine as a fivepence or a May-day queen. Notwithstanding this, when I summon up my courage to address her, she receives my laborious politeness with a scintillation like that of a Cheshire cheese, which strikes me all of a heap. Her female parent excuses to me such flabbergasting demeanour, on the plea that her daughter is afflicted with great shyness and maidenly modesty, but, on perceiving that she can be skittish and genial in the company of other masculines, I am forced to attribute her contumeliousness to the circumstance that I am native gentleman of a dark complexion.

In addition, I have the honour to inform you of further specimens of this inurbanity and bearishness from officials who are perfect strangers to the writer. Each morning I journey through the subterranean bowels of the earth to the Temple, and on a recent occasion, when I was descending the stairs in haste to pop into the train, lo and behold, just as I reached the gate, it was shut in my nose by the churlishness of the jack-in-office!

At which, stung to the quick at so unprovoked and unpremeditated an affront, I assailed him severely through the bars of the wicket, demanding sarcastically, "Is this your boasted British Jurisprudence?"

The savage heart of the Collector was moved by my expostulation, and he consented to open the gate, and imprint a perforated hole on my ticket; but, alack! his repentance was a day after the fair, for the train had already taken its hook into the Cimmerian gloom of a tunnel! When the next train arrived, I, waiting prudently until it was quiescent, stepped into a compartment, wherein I was dismayed and terrified to find myself alone with an individual and two lively young terriers, which barked minaciously at my legs.

But I, with much presence of mind, protruded my head from the window, vociferating to those upon the platform, "Let out! Let out!! Fighting dogs are here!!!"

And they met my appeal with unmannerly jeerings, until the controller of the train, seeing that I was firm in upholding my dignity of British subject, and claiming my just rights, unfastened the door, and permitted me to escape; but, while I was yet in search of a compartment where no canine elements were in the manger, the train was once more in motion, and I, being no daredevil to take such leap into the dark, was a second time left behind, and a loser of two trains. Moreover, though I have written a humbly indignant petition to the Hon'ble Directors of the Company, pointing out loss of time and inconvenience through incivility, and asking for small pecuniary compensation, they have assumed the rhinoceros hide, and nilled my request with dry eyes.

But I shall next make the further complaint that, even when making every effort to do the civil, the result is apt to kill with kindness; and—as King CHARLES THE FIRST, when they were shuffling off his mortal coil, politely apologised for the unconscionable time that his head took to decapitate—so I, too, must draw attention to the fact that the duration of formal, ceremonious visits, is far too protracted and long drawn out.

*Crædo experto*. A certain young English gentleman, dwelling in the Temple, whose acquaintance I have formed, earnestly requested that I should do him the honour of a visit; and recently, wishing to be hail fellow well met, I presented myself before him about 9.30 A.M.

He greeted me with effusion, shaking me warmly by the hand, and begging me to be seated, and making many inquiries, whether I preferred India to England, and what progress I was making in my studies, &c., and so forth, all of which I answered faithfully, to the best of my abilities.

After that he addressed me by fits and starts and *longo intervallo*, yet displaying so manifest and absorbent a delight in my society that he could not bring himself to terminate the audience, while I was to conceal my immense wearisomeness and the ardent desire I had conceived to leave him.

And thus he detained me there hour after hour, until five minutes past one P.M., when he recollected, with many professions of chagrin, that he had an appointment to take his tiffin, and dismissed me, inviting me cordially to come again.

If, however, it is expected of me that I can devote three hours and a half to ceremonial civilities, I must respectfully answer with a *Nolo episcopari*, for my time is more precious than rubies, and so I will beg not only Mr. HOWEYALL, Esq., Barrister-at-law, but all other Anglo-Saxon friends and their families, to accept this as a *verbum sap.* and wink to a blind horse.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Encouraged by the success achieved by his sprightly account of a recent adventurous voyage to the Cape, Baron FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD, M.P., is engaged upon a more important literary work, which, when completed, will inevitably find itself in competition with what is, perhaps, the best known book published in the reign of JAMES THE SECOND. The first essay in literature was printed for circulation among the Baron's personal friends. It is to be hoped that his *magnum opus* may reach even a wider circle.



"Let out! Let out!!"



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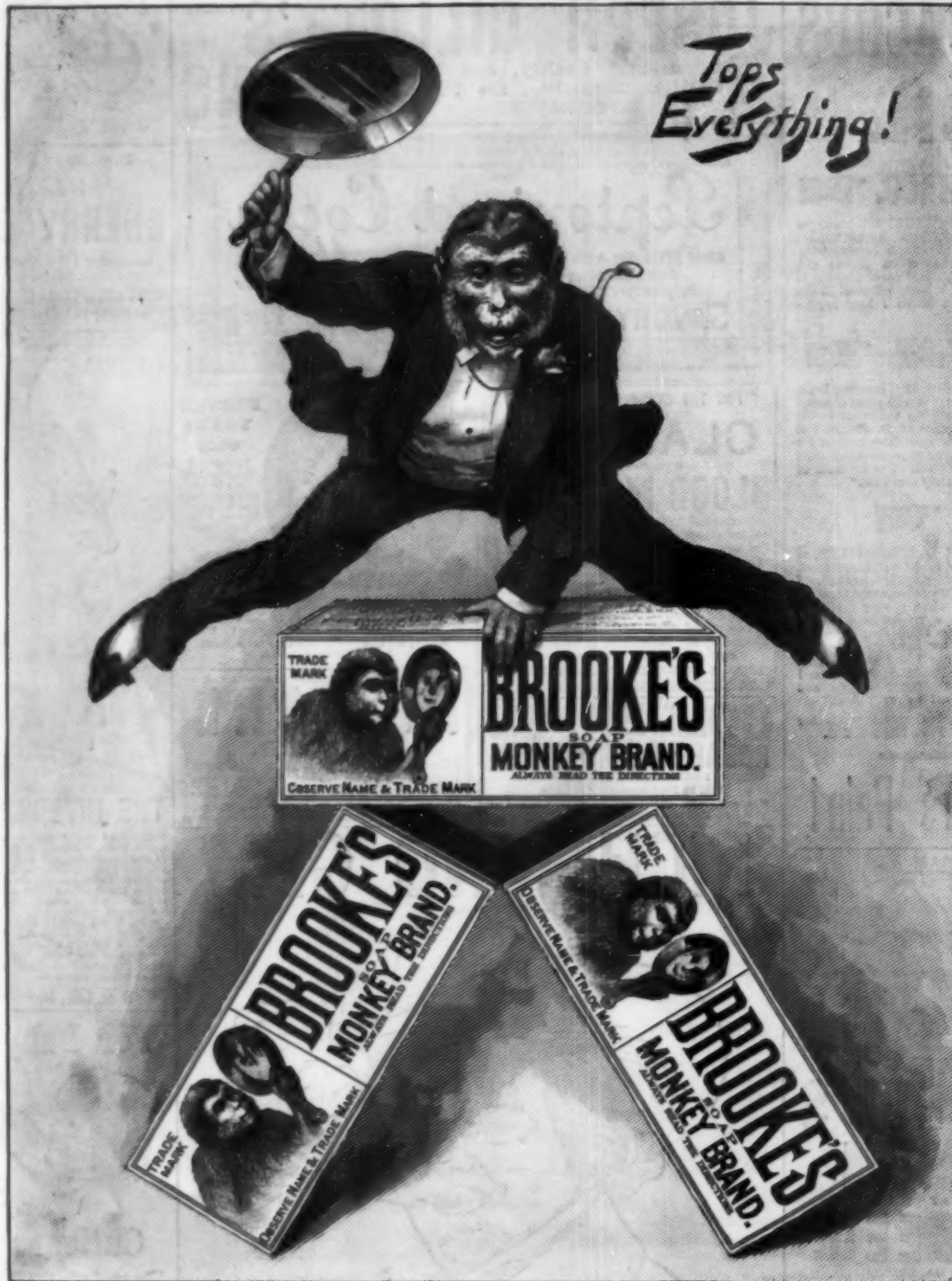
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